

BURIED THOUGHTS.

How often does the chopper of some stone,
While toiling at his task of leave and shock,
Find in the heart space of a severed rock
The impress of some fern that once had grown,
Full of aspiring life and color tone,
Deep in the forest where the shadows block,
Till, caught within the adamantine block,
It lay for ages hidden and unknown!
So many a beautiful thought blooms in the mind,
But, unexpressed, droops down into the soul
And lies untried in the silence there
Until some opener of the soul shall find
That fertile, fossilized dream complete and whole
And marvel at its beauty past compare!
—Alfred S. Donaldson in Outlook.

THE SPECTER
OF GORUCKPOOR

BY M. QUAD.

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The garrison of Goruckpoor in the province of Ondh, India, in the year 1862 consisted of 4,000 men, and about half of these were split up into small detachments and stationed here and there in the north to keep order among the hill men and punish raiding dacoits. Dacoits are bands of robbers under command of a chief who holds a religious influence over them, and they are yet the pests of India along the foothills of the Himalayas. They are daring men and hard fighters, and very few British soldiers who fall into their hands are spared.

We of the Fourth, comprising 80 men, were stationed during the year 1862 almost as far north as the borders of Nepal. We had plenty of skirmishing with the dacoits for a time, but finally dealt them such heavy blows that they drew off and left us in peace. We were in the midst of what seemed to be peace when the government dispatched a large train of treasure and military supplies from Goruckpoor for Ghooma, Colonel Kemble, who had been ordered to take command of the garrison at the latter place, being just back from a year's leave of absence in England, was with the train, and the whole was escorted by 250 cavalrymen. The route for the



"DO YOU SEE THAT BOY SITTING ON THE CHEST?"

train brought it past our station, where it rested for a day and then moved on. In a defile 15 miles to the north of us it was ambushed by over a thousand dacoits and suffered a severe misfortune. There was not only a heavy loss in killed and wounded, but the treasure and a portion of the supplies were captured and run off.

The remnant of the train returned to us and went into camp until reinforcements could come up, and the bullet-headed, tyrannical Colonel Kemble, whose obstinacy and recklessness had brought about the disaster, proceeded to make it red-hot for everybody. Any set of men except British soldiers would have mutilated and taken his life. Raging over his defeat and feeling his helplessness, he ordered out detachments and commanded them to bring in every native they could overhaul. It was a well populated country, with hundreds of loyal natives to be picked up, but the colonel proceeded to look upon each and every one as guilty of having had a hand in the attack on the train. More than a score were shot or hung offhand, while others were whipped at the post or ordered out of the district. It was a reign of terror for three weeks, and the end was a fitting one.

My own detachment one day brought in a mere boy whom we had found cowering in a thicket. I do not believe he had the slightest knowledge of the ambush or took any part in it. He was a timid lad, whose father had been one of the first ones hung, and he was so frightened that but little could be got out of him. The colonel bulldozed and browbeat him and finally ordered his execution on the ground that he was a spy. It was only when he knew that he must die that the young fellow braced up and showed his courage, and as he was being led away to execution he said to the colonel:

"Sahib Colonel, I am innocent, and you will be punished for my death. You may shoot me and bury my body, but my spirit will follow you to the grave."

Half an hour later he was dead, but he was the last one to be executed. That evening as the colonel entered the officers' mess tent for supper all of us noticed that he had a queer, troubled look on his face and that he cast furtive glances behind him. After a bit he tried to be jocular, but the effort was a failure. He said something about not feeling well, but nobody dared question him. At midnight that night we got an explanation. The colonel called the sentinel into his tent, and with white face and trembling voice and the perspiration standing out on his forehead he said:

"Man, do you see that boy sitting on the chest?"

"I see nobody, sir," replied the sentinel.

"He is there, I tell you! He followed me to mess 72d back, and he

has been here in plain sight all the evening. Take him away!"

"But there's nobody here, sir." And there wasn't. The sentinel called in two officers, who looked and searched in vain and assured Colonel Kemble that no boy was present. He tried to turn it off with a laugh, but in less than 24 hours every man in camp knew that the colonel was haunted by a specter. He made a brave effort to bluff it out, but it was useless. The specter followed at his heels by day and sat by his bedside at night, and in a week the strong, aggressive man was becoming a mental wreck. He turned to us for pity and sympathy, but we had little to give. He had been brutal in his vengeance.

The surgeon looked upon the case at first as some disorder of the brain, but later on acknowledged that it was something beyond his medicine. No one else could see the specter. The colonel would say that it sat beside him or stood in the door, but there was nothing for other eyes to rest upon. He would draw his sword and cut and slash and thrust at the specter, but he could not harm it. By the surgeon's advice the colonel returned to Goruckpoor. It was reported as a case of breaking down over mental anxiety, but hundreds of people came to know better. The specter followed him back, followed him to the house of a friend, sat with him through every night and dogged at his heels through every hour of the day. He could no more shake it off than he could change the color of his eyes. He made the gamiest sort of fight, knowing that his future career was at stake, and at length all men came to pity him—pity him and avoid him as one accursed. He was medically treated, given brief furloughs and every effort made to build him up, but at the end of eight months, every day and every night of which had been a terror to him, he ended by blowing out his brains.

Was it a case of a man haunted by a spirit seeking revenge? It was not so reported officially, but from first to last and from the highest to the lowest, and this includes two surgeons, it was fully and firmly believed that it was, and the uncanny affair had a great influence over other officers in their future treatment of the natives.

History of the "His."

There is not an actor, an actress, a vocalist or other public performer, including the politician, but must be interested in the hiss and its origin.

Dr. Alusie Hollis in The Humanitarian tells, under the title of "Before Babel," of his researches as to the prevailing language before the "confusion of tongues."

Referring to the aforesaid awesome word, he writes: "Perhaps the syllable ss (st, ts, sh) is one of the oldest sounds in animated nature, as it undoubtedly is one of the simplest to produce."

"Vocalized in the English hiss (hiss, hiss) we find the pure syllable adopted by beasts, birds and reptiles as an expressive of the warning in times of stress."

"Even the crustacean cirripedes can produce the sound, when 'there is an adjacent source of danger,' although they are not supplied with a proper vocal apparatus."

"Besides acting as a warning not to its own kith, some predatory animals, as, for instance, some of the smaller carnivora and certain snakes, utter the sound in a minatory manner to ward off objectionable intruders from their lair."

"Equivalent in the former case to the expressions 'Keep quiet,' 'Stand still,' a hiss is construed in its more widely known sense among animals of different species as 'Come forward at your peril,' impressing a visitor in search of hospitality much in the same way as did the legend 'Cave canem,' on the threshold of a Roman mansion."

The paragraph concludes sagely: "Our English hiss is mainly restricted to the use of dissatisfied playgoers. The sound here retains its primitive meaning—a warning note."

He Barred Newcastle.

When Edward VII as Prince of Wales visited America in 1890, Canada went wild over him, and in Detroit and Chicago the crowds were so dense that the party could scarcely reach their hotel. So many were the receptions, dinners and other social functions in which the prince participated that he finally broke down through sheer fatigue and overexcitement. The Duke of Newcastle, who was the prince's companion, decided, therefore, to stop off on their way to St. Louis at Dwight Station, a quiet village famous for its shooting. The prince brought down a bag of 14 brace of quail and four rabbits. But the pleasure of the day was marred by the following incident:

As the royal party approached a farmhouse an unmistakably British settler appeared at the door and invited every one except the Duke of Newcastle to enter.

"Not you, Newcastle!" he shouted. "I have been a tenant of yours and have sworn that you shall never set a foot on my land."

Accordingly the party passed on, and the farmer, though revenged on his old landlord, had to forego the honor of entertaining royalty under his roof.

Dunning the Dead.

A Grundy county (Kan.) physician recently sent to the address of one of his patients a bill for professional services and within ten days received the following letter written on the back of his memorandum:

"Dear Sir this note was put in my box by mistake I can't be a doctor's dead and ain't any relation of mine anyway. I don't see how your consens will let you dune the dead. Why don't you live a better christen live and let live and try to meat that man who dide in heaven which is worth moar than \$40 to any doctor."

Reason Enough.

"So your engagement is broken?" said the girl in gray.

"Yes," replied the girl in brown, frowning at the recollection.

"What was the matter?"

"He basely deceived me," answered the girl in brown. "You see, it was this way: I asked him one day to promise me that he never again would smoke cigarettes, and he promised. Then I asked him to refrain from the use of tobacco in any form, and he promised to do that. Later I told him I had a horror of any one who touched liquor, and he agreed never to touch it. After that I suggested that I thought clubs had a bad influence on young men, and I should expect him to give them up, and he said he would. I also took up the subject of gambling and made him promise that he would stop playing poker and buying pools on the races."

"Well, you didn't demand anything of him, did you?" said the girl in gray. "I suppose he deceived you in the matter."

"He did."

"Broke his promises, did he?"

"Oh, no. I could have forgiven that. But just when I was congratulating myself that I at least had reformed one young man I found that he didn't need any reforming. He wasn't addicted to a single one of the habits I made him promise to break. It was a terrible shock, and I broke the engagement right away. There was no longer anything in it to make it interesting."—Chicago Post.

More Respectful.

Among the stories told of Charles Lever, the witty novelist, is one which concerns the days when he was British consul at Trieste.

He had accompanied his daughter to London for a little social enjoyment and had neglected to go through the formality of asking for a leave of absence. On his arrival in London he was invited to dinner by Lord Lytton, who was delighted to see him.

When he arrived at Lord Lytton's house, his host said: "I'm so glad you have come! You will meet your chief, Clarendon—the minister of foreign affairs."

The novelist, much embarrassed, began to give reasons why he must turn himself away, but before he could make his escape Lord Clarendon was announced and almost at once espied him.

"Ah, Mr. Lever," he said blandly. "I didn't know you were in England—in fact, I was not even aware that you had asked for leave of absence from Trieste."

"No-o, my lord," stammered the novelist, disconcerted for a second, but no more than that; "no, my lord, I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship to come and ask for it in person."—Youth's Companion.

Studies in Small Change.

"It takes all sorts of people to make a careful," said the conductor of a Market street trolley car. "If it wasn't so exasperating, it might be amusing to study the methods different people have of paying their fares."

"For instance, there's the man who never carries his small change loose in his pocket for fear of losing some of it. He has a little purse, and it takes him longer to fish out a nickel, especially if he has gloves on, than it takes a woman to collect five pennies from the various compartments of her pocket-book. Then there's the fellow who hates to break a quarter or a half dollar and goes through his pockets looking for an elusive nickel. On the other hand, some men will invariably offer a \$2 bill and sometimes a \$5 bill, and if you refuse to accept it they will fork over a 5 cent piece with the reluctance of a much abused individual."

"There is one old chap who rides down with me every morning and who has never yet given me a tarnished coin. He always has a pocketful of brand new nickels. I think he must get them from the subtreasury."—Philadelphia Record.

Twelfth Day Customs.

The festival of Twelfth day has an unfamiliar sound to most of us, but for many years the night of Jan. 6, 12 days after Christmas, has been commemorated with special services. This day is in memory of the visit of the magi to the child Jesus, their journey being supposed to have occupied that length of time from the appearance of the star until their arrival at the manger.

It is known as "old Christmas," dating from the old style calendar still used by the Russian church. In every European country this day is remembered with gayety. In the Isle of Man "barn dances" are given, every parish hiring a fiddler.

In Germany Twelfth day is called "Three Kings' day" and in France "Bean King's day."

The feature of Twelfth day is the baking of a cake which contains one bean. When the cake is cut and the pieces divided, he who finds the bean in his slice is declared king, and he must arrange all amusements until the following Twelfth day, when the new king is chosen.

The Word "Salary."

The way languages are built up is very interesting, and the derivation of the word "salary" is curious as well. In ancient times Roman soldiers received a daily portion of salt as part of their pay. "Sal" is the Latin for salt, and when the salt was in course of time commuted for money the amount was called salarium, or salt money; hence our word "salary" and hence, doubtless, the expression "not worth his salt"—that is, not worth his "salt money," or salary.

Not Restricted.

That gentleman who is being introduced to Miss Binks is a freethinker. "Which is he, a bachelor or a widower?"—Brooklyn Life.

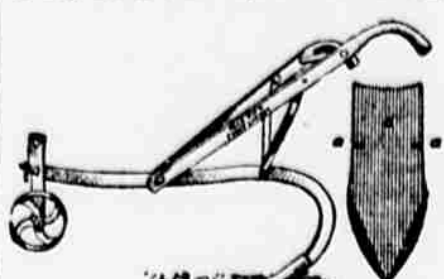
FARM AND GARDEN

A HOMEMADE SUBSOILER.

An Implement to Follow the Breaking Plow in Clay Subsoil.

A Rural New Yorker correspondent sends to that journal a plan for making an excellent little single horse subsoiler that works to perfection and need not cost more than \$2.50. He worked the implement out thus in his home shop:

I first made a model, this being cut from thin wood, and, as good fortune favored me, I secured just the right shape the first trial. The beam and standard are formed of one bar of wrought iron 6 feet long and five-eighths by 2 1/4 inches in size, which is strong

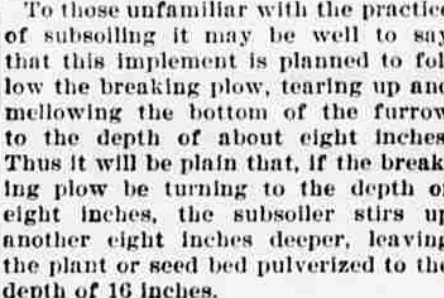


HOMEMADE SUBSOILER, FLOW.

enough for a draft horse. The share, or point, is of a peculiar shape, and is made of a new, large, steel "bull tongue" cultivator "shovel" three inches wide. The "bull tongue" is cut as shown in the figure, leaving a long, piercing, wedge-like point. The three-fourth inch incisions at a, allow the upper half of the blade to be bent or rolled backward, forming a long, deep groove that clamps very securely around the standard of the plow, where it is firmly bolted. The long, tapering point, when the wheel is adjusted for subsoiling to the desired depth, lies perfectly flat in its course through the soil—the curvature of the upper half of the blade being quite sufficient to lift, "ground mole fashion," the entire bottom of the furrow, while the passage of the standard, through the midst of this upheaval, breaks and pulverizes the hitherto hard, compact subsoil in a very thorough and satisfactory manner. The handles are those of an ordinary cultivator, and the wheel, seven inches in diameter, was purchased from a scrap iron man for 15 cents. There being some quite heavy forging upon the beam in bending it to the desired shape and in cutting the share down to the proper form, it will be necessary to call upon the blacksmith for that part of the operation.

To those unfamiliar with the practice of subsoiling it may be well to say that this implement is planned to follow the breaking plow, tearing up and mellowing the bottom of the furrow to the depth of about eight inches. Thus it will be plain that, if the breaking plow be turning to the depth of eight inches, the subsoiler stirs up another eight inches deeper, leaving the plant or seed bed pulverized to the depth of 16 inches.

A Potato of Good Yield and Quality.
The Joseph potato has received favorable mention from some of the New England potato growers. American Cultivator illustrates it from an excellent photograph of the potato as raised by a Vermont farmer and says: It is well to notice the size, shape and general appearance of the potato. The color of the skin is a light pink, and the flesh is white. The tuber is invariably free from core. It never has shown an inclination to grow hubbly or unshapely. It yields well, is of wonderful vigor and is of excellent quality for a table potato.



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Protection Against Grasshoppers.

Appropos of recently reported damage from locusts or grasshoppers in various sections of the country Professor Lawrence Bruner of Nebraska suggests, first of all, that native birds be protected, since nearly all of them are especially fond of locusts as a diet during the summer months. He says: "When our prairie chickens and other grouse were still numerous, no harm whatever was reported as coming from 'native grasshoppers.' Quails, plovers, ducks and sparrows, hawks and even birds are known to feed largely upon these insects. A single bird of any of these species will destroy thousands of them. Where the birds are destroyed the extra thousands of locusts soon increase beyond the normal and injury results. Year after year the gap is made wider and the possibility for harm increases. Even frogs, lizards, snakes and other animals that come under our ban destroy many of these destructive locusts, and every time we thoughtlessly kill one of them we make it possible for their natural food to do us harm."

Kills Without Hitting.

What is lyddite? The high explosive thus called from the name of the small Kentish town and gunnery center where the experiments with it were made is nothing less than picric acid brought into a dense state by fusion. Picric acid is a bright yellow substance freely used in peaceful industries for dyeing purposes. It is obtained by the action of nitric acid on phenol or carbolic acid. It burns very violently, and, owing to the tremendous blast produced by the explosion, the destructive effect of a bursting shell filled with it is some 11 times greater than that of a shell filled with powder.

All lyddite shells are equipped with percussion nose fuses only, hence their explosion takes place on impact in the following fashion: The percussion fuse ignites a picric powder exploder, which in turn ignites the bursting charge of lyddite, the detonation of the fuse and of the two explosives inside the shell being instantaneous. The picric powder exploder, we should add, is inserted in a recess left in the lyddite for that purpose. Lyddite shell is to some extent less barbarous than shrapnel exploded by powder, for, though widespread, its death dealing effects are due more to air concussion than to the wounding effects of the flying fragments. In other words, in the case of a lyddite shell bursting in a group of men, the greater number will be killed not by pieces of the shell, but by the blow of the suddenly compressed air.

One of Lamb's Verses.

A pretentious poet got his verses submitted to Charles Lamb by a friend just before the poet was to meet Lamb at dinner. Lamb found the verses to be feeble echoes of other poets, and when the author arrived he was seen to be as empty as his verses. This awakened Lamb's spirit of mischievous waggonery. At dinner he said in the course of conversation:

"That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was young," and then he quoted a line or two which he recollected from the poet's book, to the latter's amazement and indignation. Lamb was diverted immensely, but kept perfectly serious and quoted more lines in connection with another remark, begging the company to remember how young he was when he composed them. The author again looked daggers at him.

Lamb capped all by introducing the first lines of "Paradise Lost" ("Of man's first disobedience," etc.) as also written by himself, which brought the poet to his feet, bursting with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own "little verses" to be appropriated without protest, but when he saw Milton also being pilfered from he could sit silent no longer. Lamb revelled in telling this story. Rev. David Macrae in "English Humor."

Influenza Caused by Ozone.

On one occasion the writer walked to the edge of Lake Michigan when a strong wind was blowing right from the lake. The bodily condition was as near perfect as could be, and yet in less than five minutes there was every evidence of having caught cold. The severe influenza continued until, on walking away, in less than 500 feet it disappeared as if by magic.

It is very certain that the temperature had nothing to do with this nor the wind, but the influenza was directly due to the abundant ozone in the air. By inquiry it was learned that hundreds of residents who had lived upon the immediate edge of the lake had been obliged to move back three or four miles in order to relieve themselves from such experiences.

Physicians readily admit that it is not always possible to say when one "catches" cold. It certainly cannot always be because of undue exposure or change in temperature, but probably also to changes in the electric condition of the air. Facts of this kind should lead to the extreme caution in studying any supposed relation between the weather and health.—Popular Science.

Restaurant Thieves.

"Why don't you use after dinner coffee spoons?" asked a woman at a first class up town restaurant of the proprietor the other evening, finding it somewhat inconvenient to use a large spoon with her small cup. "We did have them when we first opened," answered the proprietor. "We had six dozen, but they gradually disappeared until now only three are left, and we consider it more economical to use the larger spoons, for which people do not seem to have such a fancy."

At many restaurants when a glass of claret or sherry is called for it is served in a tiny decanter. These miniature bottles are very attractive. They seem to appeal, as many small things do, to the taste of many people. One man who visits now and again many different restaurants boasts that he has over two dozen of these pretty little decanters. He doesn't say how he came by them, but he didn't purchase them.—New York Times.

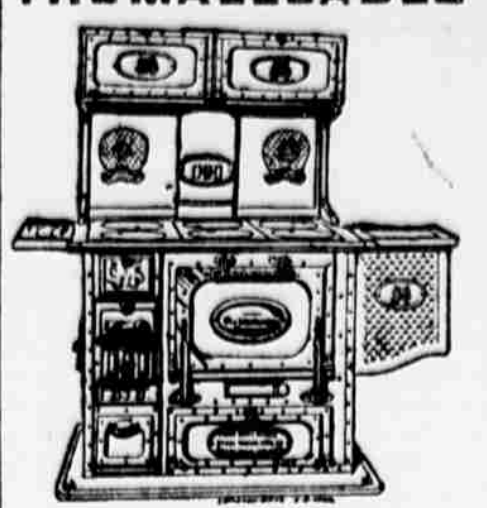
Encouraged to Hope.

When the Empress Frederick, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, was a little girl, her disposition, to the great grief of the queen, was haughty and arrogant. Once, when about to embark on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, she was lifted across to the deck of the boat by one of the sailors, who, as he was putting her down gently, said, "There you are, my little lady."

"I am not a 'little lady,' I am a princess!" was the prompt and indignant reply. The queen, who had overheard the conversation, detained the man with gesture, and, turning to her spoiled little daughter, said:

"Tell the kind sailor that you are much indebted to him for his civility and that, although you are not a 'little lady' yet, you confidently hope to merit the title before long."

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